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CLASSIC;

OR,

COLLEGE MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1840.



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Middletown, Conn.

THE CLASSIC; OR, COLLEGE MONTHLY.

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SCENES IN AND ABOUT THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

NUMBER IV.

Note to the Editors.—P. S.—*Summerfield Library.*—*Recollections of Summerfield.*—*Opening of the Philorhetorian Society this term.*—*The Classic.*

MESSRS. EDITORS :—Permit me to correct the sense of one passage in my last communication. In describing a particular speech, the *type* says, (I am not sure but the sad blunder is to be traced to the author) that it “was delivered with such acuteness of thought, and also with such a natural, though unstudied energy, &c. This, as you perceive, is pure nonsense. The luckless writer doubtless intended to say that the speech itself “EVINCED acuteness of thought,” while at the same time it “WAS DELIVERED with a natural, unstudied energy;” the last clause not requiring the antithetical term given to it by the introduction of the conjunction “though.” In another place, ‘I think I must charge this upon the printer,’ “the *morn*” appeared at even-tide. In another, there was “a *bark* opposite a vale.”

P. S.—*A phenomena in the history of quadrupeds.* I perceive in one of the articles of the last Classic, that the sheep of Palestine have quite a meditative turn. I had heard of sheep grazing upon the grass; but from your paper I find that they love to gaze upon the varied scenery of that once favored land. Can, Messrs. Editors, this singular fact be substantiated? If so, have they acquired this faculty from the uncommon beauty of the landscapes—there of old time stretching out before the enraptured vision of the beholder—and is it a gift bestowed as an especial favor upon the sheep of Palestine?

SUMMERFIELD LIBRARY. RECOLLECTIONS OF SUMMERFIELD.

“None saw thee but to praise;
None knew thee but to love.”

It is owing to the happy suggestion of the esteemed widow of the late Dr. Fisk, that this University has been favored with the library of the eloquent Summerfield. It was Mrs. Fisk who made the request of Mr. Blackstock, the brother-in-law of Mr. Summerfield; a request with which he cheerfully complied. Thus it is that the books of Summerfield, collected chiefly in Ireland, brought with him across the Atlantic, and now labelled as the “Summerfield Library,” over the entrance

of the alcove, where they are placed, continually recall his name to such of us as now roam through this depository of ancient and modern lore.

The library of Summerfield occupies the south-east corner of the first recess or alcove. The collection is small ; evincing, however, both the piety and discrimination of the original owner. The name of Summerfield will, in the case of every visitor, impart a particular interest to this collection of valuable works ; but as to myself, having often gazed upon them, when in his own possession, especially when occupying a conspicuous place in the little room he loved so much, in the house of his endeared friends, Dr. and Mrs. Beekman, then residing in Courtland-street, in the city of New York ; (Mrs. Beekman has, many years since, rejoined her cherished guest in the glory of the upper world :) it brings his living image before me. I hear again that voice, dearer to myself than all other voices beside, save one. I see again that face, pale as marble, except when illumined with the radiance of his own irrepressible emotions. The witchery of his eye ! I see it now. I feel the delightful fascination. There, too, is the prominent eye ! ah ! loved and honored one ! Is it indeed thou ? or are those lips mute ? That heart which throbbed, as if to agony, for the welfare of others, throbbed it not also for him, then in early youth, who now pens these lines, and would pay to thy memory the tribute of sincere affection ? Where shall we find thy equal ? Did thy genius bear thee, as on eagles' wings, into the highest region of imagination ? Thy humility also ever placed the diadem of praise at the feet of that meek and lowly Master whom thou lovedst ; and thy zeal—thy almost super-human zeal, what works did it lead thee to perform ! what toil cheerfully to sustain ! The Master and his work were all ! thyself nothing. Thy spirit almost exhaled itself in his service. What was the applause of thousands of human voices, borne on every wind to thee ! When gay Paris itself laid laurels at thy feet, the stability of thy soul was not moved. No ! no ! Thy eye was always fixed on one star ; that which, in the language of another youthful genius—a genius kindred to thy own—shone brightest in night's diadem, the star of Bethlehem. Thy foot never faltered. With eye fixed, foot never faltering or tiring, fleet as the wind, shining as the light, thou hastenedst in the discharge of the noblest of all duties, to be “swallowed up of immortality and light.” Soon, O thou commissioned messenger and legate from the skies, was thy race run ! thy more than Spartan warfare accomplished. Thou didst fall more gloriously than Leonidas and his heroic band at the pass of Thermopylæ. Not less determinately than they, didst thou devote thyself to live or die ;

not for the good of Greece alone ! but the world ; not to resist civil oppression, but the oppression which links in chains, more galling than ignominy and bondage itself, the spiritual nature of man. But whither, after years of silence and restraint, am I borne by my feelings ? I loved, I valued him upon earth ; but his ashes are dearer to me now than his animated form then was : for experience has taught me to place a higher value upon genius so rare,—piety so sweet,—zeal so truly akin to that of an apostle,—friendship so sincere,—eloquence so unequalled. May, from his ashes, sparks of living fire glow anew !!

Involuntarily have I been drawn into this eulogium. And I now find it difficult to sit down, and calmly to recall, for the readers of the Classic, a few recollections, as my preamble puts forth, of this celebrated preacher.

Never shall I forget the first impression produced by the eloquence of Summerfield. It was as if a bolt of light had fallen from heaven. It was instantaneous, universal. It spread as if with the swiftness and vividness of light among all classes and ages. While the young hung enamored upon lips touched with celestial fire, the aged listened with grave attention. Lawyers, merchants, divines, physicians, the scholar, the statesman, the highest classes in society, as well as the more humble, equally felt the force of an oratory, the secret of which the syllogism of the logician vainly essayed to unfold. Whether in churches or fields ; in villages or cities ; in some rude hut or school house, or in the capitol, the effect produced was alike in all places, and among all classes of hearers. He touched with singular skill, chords which found answering vibrations in all hearts.

He came among us like a being of another world. Unheralded ; not even the whispering breeze of fame had borne his name across the Atlantic, he stood among us in the beauty of his youth, in the freshness of his genius, in the pure, steady flame of his piety, with a mind of uncommon maturity at so early a period of life, with passions subdued by bodily weakness and grace divine ; the general *contour* of his face chiselled into exquisite softness and meekness, by more than sculptural art ; he stood among us an exhibition of all that was graceful in action, chaste in style, fervidly impassioned in delivery, rich and apt in illustration, pure in sentiment, sound in doctrine, dead to the world, a flaming sacrifice of love, devotion, and genius, the very picture and image of sacred oratory itself. Do any suppose that this is the coloring of fancy ? Let the darkened walls of the places of worship, where the low, distinct, sweet tones of his voice were heard ; darkened almost to the ceiling, with human faces rising above, and

overtopping human faces—let the crowded aisles—the outer court filled—choked up—the surrounding avenues overflowing—the very street thronged, let these speak ! let the breathless silence and eager glances of an ocean of sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, as he first was seen meekly ascending the pulpit stairs, casting no positive glance around ; his eye rested not upon the assembled concourse, until he arose to read the sacred word, which, under the magic of his inspiring lips, disclosed a thousand new, nameless beauties ; let all these speak whether the partiality of friendship, or the coloring of fancy, invest the picture with a brightness of hue, or vividness of life, which do not really belong to it. What limner can catch the matchless hues of the rainbow, imperceptibly blending and mingling their varied prismatic colors upon the curved expanse of the clear, blue firmament ? Who then can seize and delineate the graces of an oratory, which, while it captivated the imagination, subdued the heart ; leading numberless captives, as so many trophies of its irresistible power, willing and delighted followers in the track of its chariot wheels ?

The first time it fell to my lot to hear him was the Sabbath after he had delivered the celebrated address before the American Bible Society. Though comparatively few knew where he was to preach, yet curiosity, highly awakened by the rumor of his eloquence, led some of the *elite* of the city to trace his steps to the Methodist church in Duane street. There was little in this house to please an eye accustomed to the more gorgeous decorations, and tasteful workmanship, of costlier sanctuaries. The dress and appearance of the worshippers, too, primitively neat and plain, corresponded with the external appendages around them. The house was far from full when I entered. In the altar sat one, a young man, with an eye which swam in liquid lustre ; a countenance sufficiently marked to attract the most superficial observer ; and whose name since has spread far and wide as a sort of compeer in the race of eloquence, with Summerfield himself. Soon the house began to fill more rapidly. The gay apparel, the easy *nonchalant* air, the plumed bonnet, the flowing tresses, strikingly contrasting with the place and the more staid hearers, who had but taken their accustomed places, and appeared not to be diverted from their wonted seriousness by any unusual circumstances of novelty, showed that strange feet had wandered thither ; and that strange occupants now filled these free, uncushioned seats. After awhile, a man of about sixty years of age, his hair quite white, with slow step, and downcast look, walked up the middle aisle, and entering the altar, took his seat on the right side facing the door, close under the

pulpit. "That's the father!" was the audible whisper, almost sufficiently loud to reach the ears of the parent himself, which went from pew to pew among the new comers. And now the church was full; when just as the minute hand reached the appointed time, with a minute punctuality, which was always afterwards observed, the youthful preacher entered the eastern side aisle. I see him now. With an eye fixed upward, looking neither to the right nor the left, with neither a slow nor a rapid step,—gracefully, unembarrassedly, he moved along, ascended the pulpit stairs, and, not hurriedly, but calmly, meekly, saint-like, knelt down for a few seconds, deeply engaged in silent devotion. How did that beautifully unearthly countenance strike all hearts! itself reading a lesson upon both the glory and the pleasure of the world. Here was a youth of unexampled genius, elevated by grace above both the one and the other.

The text, chosen on this occasion, and the only time I ever heard him speak from the same passages, was Hebrews, xii, 1, 2. "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of *our* faith; who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." Having spoken in general terms of the nature and effects of the oratory of Summerfield, it will not be necessary to add many more particulars on this point at this time. It is sufficient to say that, often as I heard him after this, I scarcely ever knew him to equal,—I doubt whether he ever excelled this early effort. He certainly summoned to the noble contest all his intellectual strength. All the pathos, all the fire, all the sweetness, which he so eminently possessed, were here concentrated; and in one continued corruscation of light and heat flashed upon his charmed auditory. I distinctly recollect that many of his allusions, as indeed the passages themselves would naturally suggest, were drawn from the *cursus*, or the ancient running contests. But instead of countless spectators to witness the contest of beings like ourselves, crushed as the moth, we had legions of angels, mingled with the "glorious company of martyrs," and the "spirits of just men made perfect." On the course, the competitors strained every nerve, laid out the whole of their husbanded strength, flying along with panting breast, bloodless cheek, undiverted eye, and hand reached forth to grasp the prize; not for a branch of the palm, or of the laurel; not to be hailed by the voice of the chosen herald as victor, and crowned; but we saw men endued with the

noble faculty of reason : the object of the Creator's peculiar love : designed to act as the chief organ and vehicle of his praise ; manfully contending for the prize of eternal life. We saw the competitor for the prize : we heard the light tread of his swift foot, as he sped with almost blinding velocity along the glorious race-course. How dim to the vision grew the earth ! Cities, walls, towers, palaces, kings, thrones, and potentates ; wealth, power, and grandeur ; the chant of the viol, and the music of the harp ; all the gay scenes and sounds that ravish the eye, and fall sweetly upon the ear, dwindled in size to a speck ; died away as in the far distance upon the ear. Then man realized the ethereality of his nature ; then he felt, at least while the lucid rays of eloquence divine were emitted from the almost irradiated speaker, his "high and holy calling." Powerful indeed was the effect produced by this memorable sermon ! Long and deep was the respiration which the audience drew, when the speaker sat down amid the commingling scintillations of light which himself had kindled. From this time he was followed by applauding, delighted multitudes : neither did that voice cease to charm, nor that divinely illuminated intellect fail to pour light into the understanding, and to carry conviction to the heart, until death closed those lips ; and the soul, as in a chariot of fire, ascended to our God and his God.

But I must quit a theme which burns upon my heart ; having already taken up so much space ; perhaps, at a future time, I may resume this subject ; and speak of some of the social qualities of the ever loved, ever lamented Summerfield.

Having extended this present communication to such a length, with your leave, Messrs. Editors, the visit to the Philorhetorian Society will be deferred until the next number ; as also some remarks which I would take the liberty to offer, respecting your College Monthly periodical ; a paper, which, with all the fears I entertained of its utility and success, I sincerely hope, will prove a valuable auxiliary to the interests of the institution which has given it a name and an existence.

If you do not deem it too obtrusive, and one shadow may notice another, I would close this communication, by directing the attention of your readers to an article in our last number, entitled "Poetical Mnemonics." As respects this contribution, I hardly know which most to admire, the ingenuity of the writer in the selection of his subject, the variety and rarity of the materials he has collected for its illustration, or the happy mixture of a playful and philosophical spirit, with which he has contrived to blend both entertainment and instruction.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER, OR HEADS OF THE LITERARY LIONS.

SCOTT.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—A series of articles, as above entitled, if well drawn, I have for sometime thought, would be very generally acceptable to your readers. To attempt something of the kind myself has indeed occurred to me ; but I have never heretofore carried it into effect, having been deterred by want of confidence in my ability. I undertake the matter now, not without much misgiving ; for a daub is as detestable in a written as in a painted portrait. To avoid tameness on the one hand, and rant on the other ; to shoot clear of Sylla, and not plunge headlong into Charybdis, requires more skill in this species of composition than I give myself credit for possessing. Craving pardon, however, for the boldness shown in selecting the first subject, I will endeavor, with what limning power I possess, to sketch hastily the more prominent traits in the mighty mind of him, who was not unaptly denominated “the prince of poets and the poet of princes.”

To give a complete analysis of the genius of Sir Walter Scott, would require an intellect not inferior to his own. To portray his character were almost as difficult a task for those of ordinary mental conformation, as for mortal man to paint the lightning, or pluck down a planet for vulgar inspection. His sphere is too wide and his magnitude too great for common comprehension. Still the examination of character, naturally pleasing to the mind, cannot be useless, however imperfect may be our power to appreciate. Scott's mental furniture was kingly. Both his prose writings and his poetry abound in images of such rare beauty and fitness, that we at once admit that they could have been the product of no ordinary, indeed of no other mind. In his knowledge of human nature, and his power to exhibit its workings in action and in speech, his scope is almost unlimited. He touches with equal facility and correctness every shade of passion, from the gentlest impulses of the female heart to the highest pitch of mad enthusiasm ; from the mild and simple minded Quakeress to the fierce fanatic, brandishing his bible and his broad-sword amid the wild solitudes of the Scottish highlands. Byron, that literary Ishmaelite, who, stung by the rebukes he met with in society, went forth “to war with man and perhaps to forfeit heaven,” was steeped in the gall of human hate to the very lips. His views of life are dark and therefore limited. With quivering lip and eye of fire, he has dipped his pencil in the Tartarean pool, which bubbled up in his own diseased heart, and limning, with fearful distinctness, a wretch

"with one virtue and a thousand crimes," has given it as a specimen of mankind. Byron drew from himself, and hence the peculiar gloom and misanthropy of his heroes. Both, therefore, may be described as "links dropped from the chain of humanity." On the other hand, Scott's prodigious strength and variety of thought was teeming with all kindly and gentle feelings. His love for the antiquities, especially of his own country, forms, however, his most striking peculiarity. To him the past teemed with innumerable attractions. His heart was fascinated with the imaginary glories of "the days of other years," "and still the burden of his minstrelsy was manhood's dauntless deed and woman's matchless eye." Yet he was not simply a reverist. With the might of a magician he draws aside the veil which oblivion weaves; and while he points to the mouldering monuments and half obliterated memorials of a people who have passed away, the whole scene rises into life and beauty, where all seems as real as if it were not the illusion of a splendid dream. He drank deeply of the stream of history, as it flows sluggishly out of the mystery of the middle ages. He sympathized with the spirit of knight errantry, the open-handed hospitality and warlike character of the feudal clans. The rude and primitive habits of the highland chiefs, the devotion of their followers, and the wild country they inhabited, at once fed and stimulated his imagination. With an astonishing assiduity he gathered each legend of mountain and glen. From musty records, time-worn chronicles, and wandering minstrels, he gathered that exhaustless mass of material, which he has poured with such effect upon his pages. The impressive rites and solemn services of the Catholic communion are, in their nature, well calculated to inspire awe and admiration. They appeal to man's reverence and imagination, how powerfully, the blind yet sincere devotion of the followers of that faith can too well testify. From "the zealous, yet erroneous sanctity of their hermits, the penance, the rigid austerities, the relics, the saints," and the majestic altar-service of monarchism, he has obtained some of his very finest images. They are parts of the religion which flourished in that age which his fancy makes his own.—Not "to die like a dull worm to rot, thrust foully in the earth to be forgot," is the object of most men; to succeed in the endeavor is the privilege of few.—To acquire a name which shall shed a lustre upon their graves is allotted to genius only, and the number of these is fewer still.—But to immortalize his country along with himself, to change barrenness into beauty, to clothe every object with an intense interest, amounting to little short of enchantment, to render a land of mountains and mist, of heath-covered hills and rugged rocks, the very region of romance, could be accomplished only by Sir Walter. Whether we consider the

amount of labor he performed, or the suddenness of his fame, he stands without a rival in the literary world. It is the common and melancholy fate of authors to live poor and neglected, preyed upon by their own morbid sensitiveness, while almost their only reward for a life of labor is the sparing, critic-sifted praise of posterity. It has been said that, with the exception of the Newgate Calendar, the biography of authors is the most sickening chapter in the history of man. Witness Otway famishing; Cowper and Collins insane; and Colton, the author of *Lacon*, whose words were wisdom's miniature; but around whose heart the most disgusting and degrading passions, serpent-like, wreathed their spirals; or Chatterton, "who turned his footsteps away from a world where he seemed unwelcome; and sought in suicide a stern quietus for the thousand natural ills which flesh is heir to." To this rule there are some exceptions, and among them Scott may be reckoned. The halo beamed brightly around his brow long before the blighting hand of time had unfitted him for enjoyment. Genius of the very highest order he unquestionably possessed; but whether the sphere he chose for its exercise was the most *useful* which he could have adopted, or indeed whether, on the whole, *any* benefit at all has resulted to the world from his existence, is a question which has been much discussed and is still unsettled. Much may be said on either side, and perhaps, at some future time, I may trouble you with some observations on that head—*nunc sat est.* S.

JOY.

WHERE yonder fountain streams,
 What fluttering insect gleams?
 She changes oft her hues,
 As the chameleons use;
 Now white, now dark she seems;
 Now red, now blue,
 Now blue, now green.
 How bright must she appear,
 Could I behold her near!

The Libellula sings, and flits,
 In circles soars, nor rests her wing.—
 Hist! on the willow now she sits—
 And now I've caught the beauteous thing,
 And gaze;—but, ah! what meets my view?
 Her brilliant tints a touch destroys,
 And leaves a dark and cheerless blue.
 This is *thy* fate, anatomist of thy joys!

Goethe.

THE FISHERMAN OF GALILEE.

CHAPTER II.

“The voice of one crying in the wilderness,
Prepare ye the way of the Lord,
Make his paths straight.
Every valley shall be filled,
And every mountain and hill shall be brought low ;
And the crooked shall be made straight,
And the rough ways shall be made smooth ;
And all flesh shall see the salvation of God.”

In sullen silence—its sluggish waves are scarcely ever known to move—hemmed in on the east and west by mountains of bleak and solitary grandeur, with not a green herb to adorn its shores ; for the saline particles which rise from the surface of the water wither all the herbage in its immediate vicinity ; with hardly a sign of animated life to relieve the dull monotony:—the Lake Asphaltites, or, as it is most usually termed, the Dead Sea, presents its glassy surface to the eye, covering with an impenetrable secrecy the five fair cities, which, at an early period of time, stood in that extensive, level tract of country, so renowned for its fertility, and designated in Scripture as the vale of Siddim. Though the strange legends of the apples of Sodom ; of the unvarying immovability of the waters of the lake ; of its surface skimmed by no bird ; of fragments of the ruined cities seen in its, as yet, unfathomed depths : though these and similar accounts are at length exploded, yet the singular buoyancy of the water, the large quantity of salt, which, by actual experiment, it is found to contain, together with other properties which the water of this lake possesses, in connection with the eventful history interwoven in its existence, will always render it an object, not only of scientific investigation, but of religious awe. Rarely do human voices and human footsteps break the solitude which reigns around this remarkable body of water ; indeed, on each side of it, the country is too rugged, broken, and mountainous, to invite the footsteps of any but the most hardy traveler. To the north, however, where the Jordan empties, with great impetuosity, its turbid waters into this sea, opens an extensive plain, through which the Jordan pursues its winding course ; and which, though barren and sandy, and but little visited, yet at the time to which we refer, was alive, with dense and deeply excited crowds of people, collected from nearly every quarter of the land of Judea. The spot where they were assembled was no very great distance from the Dead Sea ; this sea, at least, was full in view ; still a site had been chosen on the eastern side of the river, where the stream had imparted verdure to a little valley near its banks ; where, too, the Persian poplar

grew, assuming not a pyramidical form, but spreading abroad its branches, screening to some extent the assembled multitude from the glaring brightness of a Syrian sun.

This spot was well known under the name of Bethabera, as a place of passage across the Jordan. As long back as the time of David, a ferry-boat plied here. It was also on a range with Jericho, then a wealthy city, through the cultivation of its almost priceless balm ; and in the latter part of his life, one of the favorite places of resort, in the cold season of the year, by Herod the great. The palace which the Idumean king had built, could be seen rising above the walls of the city, far off in the desert, while the city itself stood in the center of a rich and fertile *oasis*, watered by the once bitter fountain, sweetened by Elisha, which, led by conduits, copiously irrigated garden and grove ; the air at the same time being perfumed by the fragrance of the balsam ; still, after a little while, you passed the verge of fertility ; and then there stretched out before the eye, nought but a wide, barren, sandy desert. The road hence to the place of passage descended slope by slope, being divided at certain regular intervals by terraces of sand. As you approached the river, it was not seen swiftly flowing through the inhospitable desert, until you stood on a somewhat high bank, immediately over it. This road, from the vicinity of Jericho ; from the intercourse which was kept up between this city and the opposite shore ; from its being also the main route in this section to the city of Jerusalem itself, was at all times much traveled ; but was now literally filled with men, women, and children, some on foot, some on camels, or dromedaries, or horses, as they were able to procure them. Early as it was in the day, many on the road had, since the last nightfall, come from Jerusalem, proceeding with the aid of torches during the night, along the difficult, and dangerous pathway from that city to Jericho ; and were now, with unwearied steps, and deeply roused expectations, anxiously pressing along with the crowd. Jericho had nearly emptied itself of its population. The hippodrome and amphitheatre, strange spectacles in a Jewish city, were this day deserted. Even the more sober part of the Jewish population had left their customary occupation, hurried along by the general enthusiasm. All were eager to reach the spot we have described, on the opposite side of the river, where the crowd was most dense ; and where appeared to be the principal object of attraction.

But a party now made their appearance along the sandy road, of a higher and more important grade in Jewish estimation than any other. All rode richly caparisoned horses. One of the number, however, from his dress, and the marked deference which he received from the rest, evidently possessed the chief authority. This was no less a person than Caiaphas, shortly after-

ward himself elevated to the priesthood, and son-in-law of the celebrated Annas, a man of great weight of character and influence among the Jews. As this person regarded the commission, which, as the head and organ of a special deputation from the Sanhedrim, he was on his way at this time to execute, as associated in some measure with his sacred functions, he was arrayed in part in his official dress. Over his tunic and cloak he wore a garment peculiar to the priesthood, called an ephod. This consisted of two pieces of fine linen, richly colored, and ornamented with gold, hanging in detached parts upon the breast and back, fastened together upon each shoulder by golden clasps, and reaching down to the middle of the thigh. In addition to the clasps, by which the separate pieces of linen were connected about the neck, he had, on each shoulder, well secured, a valuable stone or gem, which glittered in the sun-beams, with the names of the twelve tribes inscribed upon them. His wide girdle, too, embroidered with flowers of divers colors, and so woven as to resemble the scales of a serpent, was twice wound around his body, leaving still nearly enough of the costly, and embellished cloth, to trail along the ground. His mitre or turban was also covered with the finest linen, not now retaining its original, sharp-pointed shape, but of a circular form. To counterbalance, perhaps, the diminution in the tall, spired mitre of the priesthood, the modern circular and more graceful turban was placed on the upper part of the head; but still so firmly was it set as not to be easily displaced. His sandals were made of the soft skin of some rare animal, taken either in the wilds of Arabia or Africa. In a word, as one of the highest functionaries of the priesthood, he wore the fine apparel of those who dwell in the palaces of princes.

The countenance of this high officer was grave and stern. A careful observer might, at times, detect a contemptuous curl of the lip, partially exhibiting the pride and haughtiness of the heart which throbbed under that priestly attire. This high functionary, on the present occasion, seemed ill at ease. He cast, not unfrequently, a keen, though rather hurried glance, along the extended line of people, all eagerly hastening in the same direction with his own party, and knitting his brows, turned himself abruptly to one riding by his side, "What think you, Onias," he said, "of all this crowd! By the temple itself, this babbler, prophet, impostor, whoever he may be, is well followed! I verily believe, as has been reported to us at Jerusalem, all Judea is congregated in these sandy plains! Which of our doctors, who has made the law his study for a long life, could collect such a concourse as our own eyes behold, gathering to listen to this *new* light, forsooth? Not Gamaliel himself, with all his far-spread celebrity and stores of erudition, could thus draw the people from their distant homes. Surely the people are mad!"

"My master!" replied, with the utmost respect, the one whom he addressed, "you may well speak thus! The temple itself will be forsaken to follow this wandering itinerant. It was time indeed for the Sanhedrim to test the claims of this messenger of the Most High as he calls himself. But, in good earnest, what think *you* of him, most noble Caiaphas?"

"That might seem somewhat difficult to answer," responded Caiaphas, at once checking his impetuosity, as if to return a more deliberate reply. "To form some judgment of his claims as a prophet is, as you have just said, the purport of our present embassy. He sets himself up, I understand, for a reformer; and is very free in his denunciations of our whole sect. I like not this. It suits the populace, and this he knows. He would build his reputation upon the decline of our popularity. Then the affection of seclusion, his rigid abstemiousness, his coarse raiment, all savor of trick, and incline me to rank him with those popular demagogues who stoop to any means to promote their influence. Ah! Rabbi Nicodemus, is that you?" he said, turning to one of the deputation, who, that instant, rode up by his side,—“we were just talking of this declaimer, whom we seek, leaving the cool air of our Zion for these hot plains, than which our land knows of none hotter. I warrant me, he is an arrant impostor.”

The Jewish rabbi, whom he addressed, a man of a rather pliable disposition, loth to offend any, especially his superiors in office, but of a naturally candid, generous turn; and who, had he possessed more boldness of character, and independence of thought, would have been entitled to still higher praise, formed his reply so as not entirely to assent to an opinion, which, in reality, he was not prepared to adopt, while, at the same time, he avoided a direct collision with one whom he did not desire to offend; but like all half-way steps, he neither satisfied himself, nor pleased the chief rabbi. "I rather hope," he replied to the unexpected appeal, but hesitating as he spoke, "we shall not, upon examination, find cause to draw so harsh a conclusion. For my own part, I confess, I have been inclined to form a favorable opinion. At all events, I would not wish to prejudice the case. But," as if afraid that he had ventured too far, he added, "it is hard to conjecture who in reality he is, or what specific object he proposes to accomplish. Impostors are rife of late. There was Theudas! What a stir he made for awhile! There, too, some thirty years ago, was Judas of Galilee! both came to a miserable end. In the case before us, however, one thing is clear. The people have long expected some extraordinary personage; and this man has certainly succeeded in impressing their minds with the weight of his claims. Whether they are well founded or not, is another question."

With tartness in the accentuation of the words, and with a poorly concealed expression of disdain in his countenance, Caiaphas repeated the words, "The people!" while he looked as if he thought it required no very skillful player upon that rude instrument—vulgar passions and prejudices—to gull the people. But just at this moment, their progress was temporarily impeded by the crowd, which, as they were now near the ferry, had greatly increased, and obstructed the way to the boat. While the party was thus detained, they were saluted by the cry of "Charity, sirs! for the love of Moses, charity! good sirs!" Their attention, aroused by this cry, was directed to two miserable beings who had stationed themselves, or been stationed by their friends, as near the place of landing as their safety would admit; whose tattered garments, and haggard faces, bespoke their poverty and wretchedness; while, at the same time, their sightless eye-balls, lifted up toward those whom they addressed, rendered them truly objects of compassion. Seated not far from the river, under the shade of a tree, they held in one hand a staff, while the other was stretched out to receive the gratuitous offerings of such as passed near them, and whose sympathy might be moved by their deplorable condition. Nicodemus, in the midst of the bustle and the crowd, quickly, and as unobservedly as he could, placed a small silver coin into each of their hands; but the high personage with whom he had been engaged in conversation, shrugged his shoulders, muttering to himself, "These beggars! the land swarms with them!"

The boat having arrived, the various members of the deputation now dismounted, deeming it expedient to leave their horses on this side of the river. Though the clamor, as in all such places, was rude and loud, and the crowd, in their anxiety, pushed towards the boat, each one being desirous of securing this opportunity to cross, still such was the deference paid to the priests, that they experienced no difficulty in reaching the boat. But the effort which was made to open a way for their easy passage, incommoded others. Among this number, was one man of very low stature, with a small eye, which twinkled and sparkled with a quick, bright lustre, elbowing and pressing his way through the crowd; and who also seemed less disposed than the rest to lose his chance out of deference even to the priesthood. He resisted the rush, and pressed backward with all the strength he could summon; though, as may easily be imagined, with very little effect. From the richness of his dress he would be ranked among the wealthy. He also appeared to be well known. One person, in particular, in the confusion, was driven against him with much force; when hastening to apologize for the unintentional rudeness, he observed, "Ah, Zaccheus! is that you? I must pray you pardon me! The crowd pressed against

me with so great violence, I came unwarily upon you! After all, to be wedged in a crowd, stifled nearly with the dust and heat, and jostled to the right and left, or which ever direction the current flows, is a penalty we must all of us occasionally pay for the indulgence of our curiosity." The person whom he thus addressed, having accepted the apology, was soon again busily engaged threading his way through the crowd; and, exercising no small degree of dexterous management in entering every opening which presented itself, made swifter progress than many of larger bulk and stature. He was evidently extremely eager to reach the spot whither all this stream of life tended.

The great object of attraction to the man of small stature—to the multitude of every rank and age; the person whom the deputation composed, not only of priests, but of some of the principal men among the Levites, were on their way to visit; and whose character and claims they were determined closely to scrutinize, was one whose name was then newly bruited abroad; then, as still, usually styled John the Baptist, because, on his own responsibility, and without the usual forms which the Sanhedrim required, he baptized his own disciples; still more, because he administered this rite not merely to strangers, but, as if possessing a divine commission, to his own countrymen, to Jews themselves. The spot where, at this time, he preached and baptized was, as we have seen, an ancient place of passage, called Bethabera. In the vicinity of so celebrated a passage; a passage marked at various and widely separated stages of Jewish history, by some very striking exhibitions of the divine power and glory; where, too, notwithstanding the barrenness and desolation which extended far and wide, the ground, for a short space, was carpeted with grass of a deep, rich green, interspersed with shrubs, trees, and flowers; in the vicinity of this spot, with its deeply interesting associations, not far from the Jordan, on ground somewhat elevated above the surrounding surface, and under one of those spreading Persian poplars that we have mentioned, this celebrated prophet stood.

The countenance of this remarkable man was exceedingly impressive. Though yet in the early prime of manhood, such had been the austerity of his life; such the solitude in which he had lived from childhood; so strictly had he adhered to the severe vow of Nazariteship, that the gravity and indeed almost the severity of age sat upon his countenance. Wholly intent upon the accomplishment of his mission, the nature of which had been early unfolded to his mind; deeply impressed with the necessity of a radical change in the views and feelings of his countrymen, ere they would be prepared to receive the Messiah, he stood aloof, in a great measure, from human sympathy, and social ties. All the natural energy of his character was dis-

played in a most absolute devotion to his sacred mission. His abstinence and devotion had subdued his passions. His concentration of purpose and feeling, conjoined with an entire separation and expulsion of earthly alloy, gave such sanctity, such depth and severity of expression to his countenance, mingled with a settled pensiveness and calmness, so unusual even to the priesthood at that early age ; the eye roved so little, apparently unobservant of all surrounding scenes, while often the eyelids were lightly closed, as if the eye were directing its steady gaze inward, scanning the most hidden emotions of the soul ; in fine, he lived and moved in an atmosphere so different from that of other men, that it was scarcely possible to behold the still youthful prophet without awe, blended with the conviction that, in this instance at least, the lips, the face, were the mirror of the heart.

The dress of the prophet corresponded with his self-denying vow, with his general mode of life, and the peculiar nature of his ministerial office. The prophet was "clothed with no broidered work ; he was not shod with badgerskin ; he was not girded about with fine linen ; he was not covered with silk," but dressed in the coarsest, cheapest, and most common materials, which the artisan manufactured. His tunic, which descended just below the knees, and was made with sleeves, reaching to the wrists, was woven, not of the delicately fine, but of the coarse, shaggy hair, of the camel ; while the girdle by which it was fastened around the body, was narrow, made of leather, and connected with cheap clasps ; a girdle similar to those worn by the poorest classes of the people. Over his tunic hung his cloak, fashioned of the same coarse material, covering the left shoulder, and part of the back and breast, two corners of which were joined under the right cheek, leaving the right arm free for action ; and which served to protect him from the storm, and as a covering for the night. His sandals also betokened his poverty, being made of leather, and bound with leather thongs. His hair was "heavy on him ;" having, by his vow, always remained uncut. His long beard, matted by exposure and hardship, hung upon his breast. Thus he stood on the banks of the Jordan, supported by his staff, surrounded by an eager, listening multitude, the herald of heaven ; that long announced messenger, whose solemn business it was to awaken, by the most faithful admonitions, a pungent conviction of sin in the bosoms of his countrymen. Unless the prophet could succeed in producing this effect, in superinducing feelings of contrition and lowliness, his labors, as a celestial pioneer, would be lost ; would be as water poured forth on the sandy plain around him. He could only prepare his countrymen to receive the Messias in the humble guise in which he was now ready to appear among them,

by humbling their pride; and lowering the views they entertained of temporal power and grandeur. Unless a change of this description could be wrought in the very texture of their souls; unless the complexion of their high, earthly hopes, could be colored anew; a suffering Messiah, the prophet clearly foresaw, would be proudly, contemptuously, and obstinately rejected. His doctrine, therefore, was in the most emphatic sense of the form, the doctrine of genuine repentance for sin. He thus labored, by the most direct method he could adopt, to remove, to destroy one of the strong holds of unbelief; and to prepare the way for that triumphant King and Conqueror, the latchet of whose shoes, the humblest of all offices among the Jews, he did not deem himself worthy to stoop and unloose. His garb, his food, the deep-settled seriousness which at all times rested upon his countenance, his general mode of life, all agreed with the nature of his prophetic office.

With the early dawn the prophet had commenced, with unabated zeal, his arduous labors. He had not left the ground during the night. Wrapped in his coarse cloak, the sandy plain had been his bed of down; his leathern girdle his pillow; the spangled heavens his magnificent canopy. Varied and vast was the auditory already assembled, and great numbers were still on the way. Among those already on the ground, were many of the sect of the Pharisees; some induced to attend by curiosity, others by a purer motive, and others still by little else than malignant passions, which they restlessly sought an opportunity to indulge. The prominent members of this sect were easily distinguished, not only by their self-mortified, pallid, harsh features, but by the breadth of the fringe which edged the borders of their cloak, made, in their case, much wider than the law of Moses actually required. There were also present many members of the sect of the Sadducees who, however, could not be known by any marked peculiarity, either in dress or manner. There were also those who, though Jews, wore the Roman toga, thus showing the influence of their connection with the Roman government, in consequence of the nature of their employment. These Jews, whose dress was marked by the admixture of foreign fashion, were employed under the Roman government to collect the yearly tribute which had been imposed upon Judea since its conquest by Pompey; and were styled publicans, or collectors of taxes or tribute. Whenever a leading Pharisee came in contact with even the most wealthy of this class, he almost instinctively shrank from his side, as if the contiguity of his person, or the passing touch of his garments, would impart contamination. Mixed in with the motley crowd might also be seen the Roman soldier, with his coarse military cloak, his caligæ covering the leg and foot; his countenance bronzed by hard service, and ex-

posure to many a clime. Of the immense concourse, all were attentive, except it might be a few stragglers on the outskirts of the dense mass, or such as were passing to and from the landing place. His voice, lifted up as a trumpet, had been heard, now, for a length of time, not sparing himself, "showing the people their transgression, and the house of Israel their sins." But as the zeal of the most zealous prophet could not endure labor, so exhausting to the physical system, unrelieved by intervals of rest, we are to remember that he was not at all times engaged in the delivery of regular harangues. But when not employed in public addresses, he would seat himself upon the green grass, answer such questions as his hearers might propound, or give familiar directions to his disciples. As the morning was now somewhat advanced, he was, just as the boat which carried the Jewish deputation touched the eastern shore, closing a powerful appeal on the subject of repentance. And as he had noticed a more than ordinary number of the sect of the Pharisees and the Sadducees among his hearers on this day, he at the close of his discourse, while his right arm was raised in the energy of action, directed his appeal exclusively to the members of these two celebrated sects. The appeal has been preserved; and was couched in the following strong language: "*O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance: and think not to say within yourselves, we have Abraham for our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire: whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.*"

He concluded his address with a general exhortation to repentance, "*saying,*" in a clear, distinct voice, which was heard far and near, falling with deeper effect upon the ear, from the vastness of the desert, the propinquity of the Dead Sea, the rugged mountains, which, especially on the east, towered high into the cloudless sky,—"*Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.*" To this was added the following annunciation respecting the nature of his own sacred office:—"For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, *The voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.*"

Thus closed the present public harangue of the prophet; but his private labors were but little intermitted: many crowding

around him, anxious to receive, from private converse, still more explicit directions as to the line of conduct they should pursue. Opportunity, however, was now afforded to the multitude to divide themselves into smaller groups, as fancy, or friendship, or chance, might direct, to converse together; to offer each his comment upon what they had heard; to partake of some simple food, a bunch of raisins, perhaps, or a few dates; or to wander off from the crowd, for the sake of seclusion and meditation. Among the number of those who sought some secluded spot, were two young men, whose steps we prefer to trace, as well as to record the conversation which passed between them, to that of any other of the numerous and detached groups, already scattered in every direction over the level plain. This we shall do in our next chapter.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MENZEL.

SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

"Why are the trumpets blowing? Ye huzzars, away!
 'Tis the field-marshal rideth, with flying fray;
 He rideth so joyous his mettlesome steed,
 He swingeth so keenly his bright-flashing blade!

"His oath he hath redeemed; when the battle-cry rang,
 Ha! the grey youth! how to saddle he sprang!
 It was he who led off the last dance of the ball;
 With besom of iron, he swept clean the hall!

"At Lützen, on the mead; there he struck such a blow,
 That on end with affright stood the hair of the foe;
 That thousands ran off with hurrying tread;—
 Ten thousand slept soundly the sleep of the dead!

"At Katzbach, on the water; he there played his part;
 He taught you, O Frenchmen, the swimmer's good art!
 Farewell to you, Frenchmen! away to the wave,
 And take, ye *sans culottes*, the whale for your grave!

"At Wartburg, on the Elbe; how before him all yielded!
 Nor fortress nor castle the Frenchman shielded;
 Again they must spring like hares o'er the field,
 And the hero's hurra after them pealed.

"At Leipsic, on the mead; O, honor's glorious fight!
 There he shivered to atoms French fortune and might;
 There lie they so safely, since so heavy they fell,
 And there the old Blücher played the field-marshal well."

WHAT has the poor glass done to thee!
 Regard not thy mirror so spitefully.

ESSAYS ON EDUCATION AS CONNECTED WITH OUR FREE INSTITUTIONS. No. 1.

There is a dangerous defect in education among us, one which in its consequences threatens the downfall of our free institutions. In the palmiest days of Egypt, the parent of the arts, one of the most distinguishing features of their education was respect for the laws, and of course for those in whose hands the power to administer the laws was reposed. While such sentiments were inculcated upon the minds of the young, and received due attention from them, no danger existed of the perpetuity of the government, and little of the happiness of the governed. For a series of centuries, though under a monarchical form of government, the people of Egypt enjoyed the largest liberty compatible with society. The majesty of the law was held equally sacred both by the king and the community. Such always has been and always will be the case under like conditions. An absolute despotism may enforce obedience, so long as it can control the means, whether the subject respects the law or not; but it is different in a republic. Order and stability exist, but by mutual consent. *The power of the law is a mere idea, if the people pay no respect to the law.* To one who casts half a glance at the state of things as at present existing among us, a feeling of apprehension at once arises. The appearance of things is singularly ominous. Our state of society reminds one of the breaking up of the ice on a large lake when the dissevered masses rise and fall with the rocking waves, though the surface seems continuous. From the violence of party discussions, and the heat of partizan feeling, we imagine consequences are about to follow, though perhaps not *immediate*, yet not the less *certain* or *destructive*. Children are trained up to speak and think of those who are in authority, to say the least, disrespectfully. Instead of having lessons of wisdom imprinted upon their minds at an early age, the precepts of folly are incorporated into the very fibres of the soul. No time can eradicate entirely impressions thus early made, and more especially since no counteracting causes are at work, but on the contrary every thing tends to render the impression permanent. We are no croaker. We love to look at the bright side of things, but it is imbecile to hug the delusive phantom of hope until exertion becomes unavailing. It is far better to understand the reality, that error may be corrected before it has ripened into disaster, than to shut our eyes wilfully against the light, lest our gaze should encounter something painful. We ask, is it not enough to appal even a stout heart to see the recklessness of the rising generation, the contempt of authority, and the light estimate of law which is entertained by those who must soon be the law-givers?

THE ART OF POETRY, &C.

COLLOQUIAL.

Poetry was the first philosophy that was ever known whereby men from their chyldhode were brought to the reason how to lieve well, lernynge thereby, not onely maners, and naturall affections, but also the wonderful works of nature, myxtyng serious mater with thynges that were pleasant.

Sir J. Elgot.

Besides these pieces fictitiously set down, and having no *copy in nature*, they had many unquestionably drawn of inconsequent signification, nor naturally verifying their intention.

Brown.

B. Good evening, Mr. A ; you appear to be busily engaged in writing. Do I intrude?

A. By no means ; pray be seated.

B. Ah ! Capitals at the commencement of every line, eyes in fine frenzy rolling.

A. Yes, I confess I am wooing the "sacred nine." But I must be but an ungallant clown, for, though I glance from earth to heaven, with the true poetic squint, yet I am unable to give my ideas a local habitation or a name.

B. Will you be so kind, disciple of Apollo, as to describe the *modus operandi* of manufacturing verse. Is it not reducible to rule ? I recollect of hearing of a lady, that called with her daughters on a celebrated poetess, and requested her to teach them to write poetry, and name her terms. Hence I infer it is teachable. Do you set down the rhyming words at the end of the lines, and then fill up the blank by weaving in the sentiment ?

A. Sarcastic, my friend. But tell me, do you not intend to write an article for the new periodical ? Your forte, I believe, is in prose ; you write thrilling tales : why not give us one of your soul-stirring narrations ?

B. The market is glutted. The fields of fiction are *thronged* with Richmonds ; there is an intellectual surfeit. Never since the days of the "Great Unknown" were there such prolific writers. I tell you these literary condiments, (your fragments, tales, and poems) relish well enough as a dessert, after a substantial feast of solid thought ; but when the banquet is made up entirely of such confectionary, the appetite becomes cloyed. For mercy's sake, look at the increasing swarms of poetasters, and tell tales or tale tellers, especially the former gentry, 'thick as the leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa.' Every tyro now dabbles in rhyme, (for poetry has ceased to be philosophy) bathes in the Castalian founts, brushes the early dews of Parnassus, drinks at the inspiring Helicon, watches the golden sunset, climbs picturesque mountains, muses on antiquated ruins, (or a well executed drawing answers the

same purpose) and now to "consummate all," mounts a jack-ass, and mistakes it for a pegassus. Some cool, impudent critic, with a well directed thrust, sends the long eared steed, with his doughty rider, rolling in the dust. The discomfited aspirant "whines, puts finger in the eye, and sobs," and accuses the world of a neglect of genius. Some are even so 'mad for glory,' that they resurrectionize some old mill-dewed stanza, long ago consigned to merited oblivion, and having divested it of its mouldering casements, send it rotting, and reeking before the public. I tell you we need some "*Damning Dunciad*" to silence these pedantic croakers, and impudent plagiarists.

A. Lo! a second Fadladeen come to judgment. Wo to those who sweep the lyre, and harp; beware of the summary criticism of the "Chabuk." But to be serious, remember that Byron and many others, who afterwards acquitted themselves so nobly, wrote but indifferently at first, and in some degree, perhaps merited the terrible castigation they received. The productions of which you speak, true, are not always of the first order, yet they serve to mature the judgment, and exercise the taste of the young writer.

B. Exercise rather. But I am unwilling the surgeon should acquire his skill, in amputating my arm, or the limner his tact, in executing my likeness, lest my dear body should suffer in one case, and the reputation of my handsome phiz in the other. A certain sound thinker has told us the symmetry of the stake depends, not on what is added, but on what is taken away. Many would do well to remember this in their contributions to the public, though I fear they would be naked as the "ragmatical old gentleman" so humorously described in "The Art of Book Making." The prince of artists did not give us his 'Transfiguration,' nor Angelo his 'Lazarus,' until every beauty of nature, and every grace of art were completely exhausted.

A. And I presume these young painters of thought, like poor Werner, modestly retiring behind an anonymous signature, would never have presented *their* labor to the public, had they been aware that such an "erudite Joshua" was about to crush their bright hopes by his relentless criticism.

B. You may sneer if you please; but think of the whelming flood of fictitious writing rolling over the land, in shape of tales, poems, novels, &c. What a mass of unleavened thought is daily thrown from our countless presses, the direct tendency of which is to make superficial writers and readers. The author knows from observation, and perhaps from experience, that at best his work will prove but an ephemereal production, and like thousands of its fellows, will soon lumber down to the tomb of forgetfulness. He therefore takes but little pains.

The embalming power of genius is wanting, and it soon decays. Right nobly was it said—there is no excellence without great labor; it is the *fiat* of *fate*, from which no power of genius can absolve. I have but little sympathy with these hasty off-hand writers, or their sickly illegitimate offspring, sent into the world without the “soul’s travail.” We are told that Milton, possessed as he was of a vast mass of erudition, with his lofty intellect, and gorgeous imagination, *struggled* while he wrote. Goethe says he had nothing sent him in his sleep. No page of his (says Carlyle) but he knew well how it came there. In vain do the admirers and pitiful imitators of the wonderful Scott, tell us he wrote rapidly, that his time-defying pages were swept off with the rapidity of thought. His was a mind that Johnson would denominate both a reservoir and spring. Yes, a mind, “rich with the spoils of time.” Besides, he was a “right healthy man.” Virgil wrote his two lines a day, and “Dante sees himself growing gray over his *Divine Comedy*; in stern, solitary death-wrestle with it.”

The fact is, there is a foolish prurience after the popular blast of present renown. The candidate for literary honors cannot wait for the calm, solemn verdict of posterity. He would win knowledge and fame by surprise; but they are coy maidens, and are not slightly won. They require their suitors to kneel before the shrine of their love with more than eastern devotion, ere they give a listening ear.

A. But you not only complain of a paucity of thought, but of the fictitious character of these every day effusions. Remember that utility is a prominent characteristic of the present age. These novels and tales are, or should be, pictures of life. Nature is faithfully copied, and they are made vehicles of morality. Philosophy too, in this new garb, interests and fascinates the juvenile mind, when in the old black-rusty dress of a Bacon, or a Locke, it would be rejected with disgust. Helen and the Lady of the Manor are standards of the former, and Maltravers, from the fiercely denounced Bulwer, is not a bad specimen of the latter.

B. I acknowledge that morality, and philosophy, in a pleasing dress may win their way into the temple of the human heart, when in a sterner garb they would be repulsed. I do not denounce such writings. They are *not* fictitious: they “hold the mirror up to nature.” Each one has a perfect right to choose his style, and let him speak when he has thought, in whining ‘Werterism’ in the stern naked logic-like dialect of a Locke, the demonstrative formula of a Newton, or in the sublime tragedy of a Shakspeare. The latter, for instance, was not merely the greatest poet, but *the* greatest philosopher. He taught us not only to “lieve well,” but disclosed the won-

derful works of nature in all their beautiful variety. When he pronounces the "OPEN SESAME," the human mind is at once open to view. Other philosophers take the soul in pieces as a botanist would analyse a beautiful rose, plucking it rudely asunder leaf by leaf; but this great master of the heart presents it (as has been said) like one of these beautiful chronometers, encased in crystal; revealing the whole delicate and complex machinery in complete operation.

A. Surely you do not mean to institute a comparison between these great literary oracles, and the humble contributors of our daily papers, and monthly magazines?

B. Comparison indeed! Hyperion to a Satyr. You do not understand me. The productions of which I complain have no copy in nature, and are of inconsequent signification. They all follow in some beaten track, and differing as little as the waves that succeed each other on the ruffled lake. The tyro grasps his pen without any definite object in view, introduces love, blood, murder, and marriage, blesses the good, kills off the wicked, and so on to the end of the chapter. First introduce a matchless pair—hero and heroine, for, as the honest Dutchman says, woman must always have de finger in de pie. Reader, kind reader, did you ever see a form of life and light, that haunted you ever after like some half forgotten strain of music? That form, reader, that witching form, combining the voluptuous swell of the Hebe, with the sylph symmetry of a peri. That dark raven hair, parted so gracefully on an alabaster brow, ay, that clear high brow, so classically rounded, and radiant with the sunshine of thought. But ah! reader, those soul killing eyes, 'strong and terrible in their strength,' who could endure a glance of those dark, lustrous eyes, (seldom yellow or green, except in jealousy) without feeling his pulse thrill to his finger ends? Those soft, peach-like cheeks where blends the lily and the rose. And now she smiles, and as she opens her rich, ruby, dewy lips, she discloses a set of teeth of the most pearly whiteness. Jupiter, what a throat and chin! 'twould shame the chisel of Praxiteles; and that arm, you might think it sculptured from Parion marble, so white and faultless in its symmetry. In fine her *tout ensemble* is angelic. She never looked *half* so lovely; (but she must become angry to appear to the best advantage.)

Her eyes flashed fire, and she proudly drew her dilating form up to its full height, while her proud lip curled, and her bosom heaved at the studied insult. There is the 'fair laydi,' the very personification of virtuous resentment, and queenly indignation. Now for the hero, and we are done.

First essential head—the glorious temple of thought—broad, glorious, massive brow—no one could fix his gaze on that

expansive mountainous forehead, without feeling convinced that his was no common mind. In stature, he was neither dwarf nor Titan, but with a form that happily blended great strength and muscle, with the most faultless symmetry; while his princely air and manly carriage, separated him at once from the servile crowd around him.

This pretty gentleman now rescues the lady from a watery grave, or snatches her, fainting, into his arms, from her affrighted steed, as he is about to plunge down some tremendous precipice, or tears her from some designing villain, (these pokerish scenes are glorious for making love). They soon discover they have become TOO DEAR to each other, when they only meant to be FRIENDS. He sighs like a furnace; she pines with an interesting green and yellow melancholy.

They walk out, gaze at the stars, discourse poetry, discover a remarkable coincidence of taste, become embarrassed—touch each other's fingers—thrill strangely—he pops the question in a voice husky with emotion, and her downcast, moist, eloquent eyes declare, what her trembling lips refuse to utter. Our hero gallantly passes his arm around her *slender waist*, and seals the compact with a long, rapturous, burning kiss.

Such is a pretty fair specimen of many of our young writer's abortions. They abuse their power, because there is witchery in a fine hazel eye, something fascinating in a well turned form, and much of poetry in making love; they must harp forever on the same string, until we realize the truth of the philosophic remark—that repetition is the parent of satiety. Let our young writers remember they are soon to fill the places of those literary giants, that are coming down to their graves like shocks of corn fully ripe. Let them read much, digest it well, think intensely, "wrestle amid dark pains and throes," and then, with a lofty and fearless confidence, give their productions to the world, and they will deserve well of humanity.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

THE sister Nine did once propose
 To Pysche the poetic art
 With patient method to impart.
 She, simple soul, preferred her prose:
 Not over sweetly went her lyre,
 E'en in the fairest summer night;
 But Love came by with look and fire,
 And the whole course was learned outright.

RHYMES AND RHAPSODIES.

PHILOSOPHY OF KNOCKING.

"Sirrah! knock me at this gate."

"Master, I dare not." *Shakspeare.*

"There are not many sounds," says Lamb, "that exceed in interest a knock at the door." The clock told a late hour, and my lamp was waning dim while I poured over the lucubrations of the delightful "Elia." At the above sentence I stopped, laid down the book, and raising myself upon my elbow, as I lay *in cubitum*, gave a gentle puff, and all was dark. True, said I to myself, very true. In a philosophical point of view it is a subject full of interest. It is one of those acts, insignificant indeed in themselves, but very significant in their dependences, whereby men unwittingly show forth their several characters.

Perhaps it is by the observance of such little acts that some men acquire the power of deciding upon the character and conditions of others with such correctness as we should think impossible without the aid of animal magnetism. As a man may always be known by his *bumps*, so he may sometimes at least be known by his *thumps*. For instance, there is your careless, familiar knock, which you always take for that of an old acquaintance. It is repeated but once or so, and seems always to say, 'you know me; open the door.' Then there is the respectful, uncertain knock, such as a tutor uses when he entreats admission. It consists of several raps, lower or louder, according to the noise within, but always growing fainter to the last. There is also the feeble, hesitating knock of the poverty stricken and unfortunate; and, in contrast, the bold, impatient thumping of the messenger of the law, that says, "I have the right, and will come in." But after all our shrewd guessing, there is a great deal of mystery in the thing. How many conjectures arise, how much curiosity is excited, as to the person and mission of him who knocks! Shall we say 'come in,' or not? Perchance it is a friend who may cheer a lonely hour; but suppose, again, it is a most detestable *bore*—then our safety and happiness depend on those little words 'come in.' Sometimes we are busy and feel that it becomes us to withhold the invitation; still *curiosity* forbids it, and we fear lest we may turn away some one whom we would be always glad to see; it may be some friend from afar, who comes to tell us of home and kindred, and joys and hopes and smiles that we once showed in reality, and still show in imagination. And here my midnight thoughts wandered wide and free, and amid their pleasing fancies I fell into deep sleep.

Hours passed but I knew it not, and thought and thought myself still dwelling on my last night's meditation. But the scene was changed. I was in a besieged city, and the walls were tottering before the batteries of the enemy. I could hear their terrible cry as they seemed to summon me to my fate. Again the scene changed, and I thought I was lying on the hard floor of a dungeon. And suddenly the loud voice of the keeper called me from without, and there was a great rattling of bars and bolts while the door opened that was to admit me to my execution. Then the solemn tolling of a bell fell heavily on my ear: and I heard also the rush of the multitude that was to witness my disgrace. With agony of heart I struggled with all my might, and escaped—from morpheus. The prayer bell had nearly ceased ringing, and a kind friend was adding the warning of his voice at the door. 'And so,' thought I, as I jumped into my unmentionables, 'and so all my terror came of that fellow's unmannerly banging at the door. Yet after all, there's "more truth than poetry" in that dream.'

OLD LETTERS.

What an effectual though silent destroyer is the old grey-beard, Time! Though we mark him not, yet "with inaudible and noiseless foot," he steals by us, and we are changed. The merry laugh of our childhood ceases; the thoughtlessness of youth is checked by the stern aspect of manhood; and soon the number of our years is written in deep lines upon the brow of age. Not like the other powers that affect us is the power of time. He comes not, like his fellow traveler, Death, to cut us down in our pride and strength, and sweep us away with the breath of storm and tempest; nor like him does he lay a rude hand upon the strong and binding ties that connect the heart to earth, and sever them at once; yet his sway is wider, and his influence more potent. It is not upon the world around us only that time works his changes; it is upon ourselves; upon our thoughts, and feelings, and affections. Where are the pleasures, hopes, and friendships of our early years? The past, the mighty past, has them all, and will never restore them. Memory alone is permitted to read the dim pages where they are recorded. What reads she there? Hopes that were never realized, promises that were never fulfilled, vows of unfailing friendship that have long been broken. Yet it is pleasant, though sad, thus to peruse the history of our early days. As we wander again amid the dim aisles of the airy castles built by youthful fancy, and now long since decayed and crumbling, we behold a thousand once familiar things, now almost forgot, while as many more lie buried in an undistinguished mass.

"And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside forever !"

The slightest circumstances may strike the electric chain that binds us, and send through the mind a thrill, vivid and fresh as first and actual experience. The smallest memento

"Calls up to view
The spectres which no exorcism can bind,
The cold—the chang'd—perchance the dead—anew
The mourned—the loved—the lost, too many yet how few !"

There is nothing so effectual for this as *old letters*. They are like the last words of the dying, which, though simple and unstudied, proclaim the honest feelings of the heart ; and are dearer to the bereaved than is the highest eloquence of the living. An old letter, too, is a chart, which our pilot, Memory, holds to guide us in our search for those whom the winds of adversity have separated from us, or who in the night of sorrow have left us to our fate.

In the ardor of our youthful feeling we believe the friendships of our early years too strong, even to suffer separation, much less forgetfulness, and the painful hour of parting from such friends teaches us still more how much we value them. But we go to other scenes ; new thoughts and feelings occupy us, and at length we deem ourselves forgotten, and in turn forget. A letter or two is perhaps all that remains. I have a few such, and it is a melancholy pleasure sometimes to read and ponder over them. The writers are no longer in the habitations of their youth. They are scattered amid the multitudes of men, and I cannot distinguish them.

There was one who left us on the full tide of youthful hope and joy, to seek the gratification of his adventurous spirit in the far west. The last time I heard from him he was bounding over the prairies, and climbing the mountain tops of Mexico. I know nothing of his fate. Doubtless when the clarion of war was sounded, he mingled in the strife, and perchance died there, with no voice in his ear but that of the thundering artillery, and no kind looks about him, but only such as "the horrid front of war puts on." Or perhaps death came in a calmer hour, but no less terribly, and, with the breath of some malignant disease, puffed out his lamp.

Another is away amid the icy regions of the north. With the bible in his hand, and universal philanthropy in his heart, he has gone to unclasp the fetters of ignorance from the savage mind. Though the winds buffet, and the snows cover him, he heeds them not ; the worst Borean blasts seem only to kindle to a brighter flame the fire that burns within him.

There was another, of whom it is sad to think. She was young, and fair, and happy ; but within her fair and fragile form ; "somebalance fearfully and darkly hung was disarranged," in some hidden recess the canker-worm sat doing its work of death ; and when she had given her hand to a noble youth, and the voice of a sweet babe called her mother, then the pander for the grave made her his victim, and she heard no more the voice of friends, and closed her eyes on prospects, O, how fair. And yet it was only that she might early listen to the harmonies of heaven, and gaze upon the glories of that better world.

And here are the letters of others who are still acting their part on life's theatre. Some are pursuing wealth, and honor, and science ; and some are set down in the calm enjoyment of domestic life. They are all busy with other things, and their former friend is well nigh or quite forgotten. The affection of all these may be diminished by distance, or obliterated by time. But there is that which knows no diminution or destruction. It is the love of her who watched over us when we knew it not ; who guarded from the rough winds that visit us in childhood the flickering lamp of life, till its flame grew vigorous and bright ; who made her bosom the pillow for our heads in sickness and in sorrow, and still remains ever ready to aid us with her counsel and her prayers. Or it is the affection of the sister with whom, hand in hand, we first trod the untried ways of youthful happiness ; whose voice was sweeter to our ear than the music of the summer winds, or the song of the early birds ; of her with whom we gathered the first and brightest flowers from the tree of life, and formed of them wreaths of affection never to fade. These are they whose love for us never changes but to increase. A letter from such a one may be read over and over again, and at every repetition the fountain of the heart's feelings will flow afresh. It is good to recur to them. Never destroy old letters.

SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL.

A QUIDAM tells me, "I am of no school,
 No master lives to give me rule ;
 I'm far enough, too, from well-read
 In the dry learning of the dead."
 Of which, I take it, this is the amount,
 "I am a fool on my own account."

COMMON NATURE OF MAN.

System and order are necessary for complete success in any employment, whether intellectual or physical. The rude observer of nature can see nothing but an undigested mass, thrown together, without design or harmony. The philosopher seeks and finds resemblances, and arranges nature's works in genera and species, so that a few definite divisions embrace all material objects. Classification in physical science seems to have arrived almost at a state of perfection. But the intellectual world still remains to be explored. Human intellect, however, affords but one field for investigation. The mind of man, wherever examined, must be governed by the same general laws. Men, in their physical constitutions, have indeed a common nature. The natural agents, which are injurious, or conducive to the health of one, are in general so to all. Heat and cold affect all nearly alike; and the anatomist needs but one example for obtaining the general laws of his science. But this point need not be illustrated. The common, intellectual nature of man, may well receive a closer attention. The primary truths of personal existence, of personal and mental identity, &c. find, in every unperverted mind, a ready and like assent. Suggestion, consciousness, and the senses, are grounds of belief; memory and testimony, sources of the same with all mankind. Nor does an individual, who has discovered a mental or a moral law, doubt that he can communicate, and find reception for truth among his fellow beings. The propositions, which conform to the decisions of his own judgment, he expects, will meet with approbation in the understandings of other men; and the acquisition, which has cost him much close attention, he expects others will comprehend only by the same means. But in an exhibition of human desires, there is apparently a greater diversity. It is, however, a diversity of degree and capacity in the same general species, rather than an exhibition of species of a different order. In mineralogy, a cubic crystal must be classed as such, whether its faces be an inch or only half of that in dimension. So, also, the desire of esteem, whether it be manifested in a narrow, or in an extended circle, in the pursuit of trifling, or of magnificent objects, is but one and the same propensity. He, who is ambitious that his name should drop from the lips of future generations, may have a mind of greater capacity than one who is content to be admired only within the circle of his personal acquaintance. But, though of a greater capacity, it is still of the same form. It is, however, in the emotions that the common nature of man is most beautifully exhibited. What indeed is there in the form of beauty, but that with which the mind of the

observer clothes its object? A beautiful prospect can be nothing more than an area, covered with matter, arranged and governed by known or unknown laws. A beautiful countenance is but an assemblage of particles of dust, liable at any time to be still farther repeated, and scattered to the four winds of heaven. If beauty is indeed intrinsic, its general laws must be immutable, as there is an almost universal susceptibility of its emotions, in the minds of men. The sounds, the prospects, and the varied works of nature, or of art, which charm the untutored peasant, are the same which afford a still more exquisite delight to the better cultivated observer. The vernal sun may smile upon joyous nature, budding with early promise, and the swain may feel his heart attuned to the beauty scattered around, but be unable to assign a cause for his emotions. The philosopher may point to the external world, and quote the laws of mind, but still the cause of the emotions remains unexplained; and in this only exists the great difference between the peasant and the philosopher; the former feels the emotion, the latter feels the same, and from previous experience or instruction, could have foretold that it would be the sequence of a stated order of events.

Nature's scenery; a lake of transparent water, shaded by stately trees; a garden of shrubs and flowers; a field of waving grain; the vale of Tempe; the plains of Italy; the flowery meads, and gently rising hills of our happy New England, have charms for all, and in the contemplation of such objects, even the most unlearned, "by rude expression and untutored air, beyond the power of language or of art, would soon unfold the form of beauty, smiling at the heart." In the productions of the fine arts, the common nature of man is most strikingly exhibited.

An architect of genius may construct an edifice, irregular in its proportions, and huge and monstrous in all its appearances. Such an edifice may be viewed with gaping wonder, but will not excite an agreeable emotion in any mind; it is opposed to the principles of beauty in the common nature of man. But the sculpture of Phidas, the temples of Athens, and the different works of genius and taste have ever commanded the admiration of the world. Where is the mind that can comprehend the language, that is not pleased with the beauties of Thomson? When has the time been in which the Grecian and the Roman epics have had readers but not admirers? It is then the expression of the common nature of man, which confers immortality, upon the productions of human intellect. An eloquent writer has observed that "nature is the only true and everlasting muse." To which we may add, that he, then, who would write for future ages, must make suit to her and need woo no other. The tear of sympathy is an evidence of the common nature of man. Were a portion of men endowed with an additional sense,

they could by no means communicate to others just ideas of its office, nor could they receive sympathy in regard to it, however great their sufferings might be. Were we destitute of the sense of feeling, we could have little compassion for the slave, though he should inform us of a fifth, and to us unknown sense, and should complain bitterly of the stripes of his unfeeling taskmaster; it is only as far as beings are endowed with faculties like our own, that we are able to have sympathy with them. And, as far as this, our natures are common to us and them. Man cares for the physical and intellectual welfare of man.

Hence there is a nature shared by all.

But, again, what is it which gives to history its power over the mind? When we read the history of Cataline, of King John, of the traitor Arnold, what is it which fills the mind with regret and abhorrence? Is it not the consciousness, that, these men were of the same family with ourselves, and that by their crimes, they have brought reproach upon us, together with all the sons of humanity? But history does not always cause us to blush for our common nature. When we read of Aristomines, of Aristides, of Brutus, of Cato, or of Washington, we may then feel the emotions of a noble pride, and rejoice that, in our family, there has been a host of worthies, who have left a spotless character, for us to admire and emulate. Time will scarcely permit a reference to the thrilling interest with which the ancient struggles for liberty are perused. In such an occupation we are lost to present occurrences, and carried back to a participation in the events of antiquity. Aspirations for immortality, (as far as we can determine,) are peculiar to human nature. With and without revelation, men imagine to themselves a world beyond the present. The Indian

“Thinks that beneath some friendly sky
His faithful dog shall bear him company.”

The man of science may conjecture that his favorite pursuits will find admittance to a future world. It is left for the word of God to inform us, not of the employment, but of the preparation, necessary for a blissful immortality. But the religious tendency of man is a strong illustration of his common nature.

If, then, we find in man a threefold nature, we can see the propriety of a due attention to each division. The simple and unlearned may be in a state of nature, so far as concerns their physical constitutions. Science may cultivate the intellectual: the word of God is given to guide the moral nature of man. He alone lives in a state of nature who unites the three divisions, and conforms to all their laws.

POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE.

MEN too often seem to live as though their action formed no part in the great whole of human action ; as though it was left for great and lofty minds to influence and sway the whole mass of existence. Did such but reflect for a moment that the universe itself is composed of single atoms ; that the character of nations and of the whole world is composed of individual character, their course of action in many cases would be materially changed. The influence which each one exerts is not appreciated as it should be. The dependence of friends while living, and the relation which each one bears to his fellows, place him where he must necessarily have some influence. And though the individual sleep in the cold grave, his character still continues to exert its own peculiar power. To trace out the various changes which have taken place in man's intellectual, physical, and moral condition, and the causes of these changes, would be an undertaking no less pleasing than instructive. It requires no argument to show that any change wrought in the intellectual character of a people must produce some change in their physical and moral condition. The experience of the past can be appealed to for proof. There was a time when the genius of learning had well nigh departed ; when the messenger of peace had spread its wings for some more congenial clime. The sun of the moral and intellectual world had well nigh set, and its last receding ray but faintly shone upon a world doomed to be enveloped in Tartarean darkness. Then it was that cries of "heresy" had closed the mouths of those, who, like the stars in heaven's galaxy, would have shed a flood of light upon depraved, corrupted mortals. Then justice veiled herself and wept, and then she dropped the gem-like tear over human degradation. But though clouds and darkness for a time enshrouded the mental sky ; though man seemed to forget that he was a thinking being, a free agent ; yet we find that one ennobling principle of human nature was far from being extinct. The spirit fire still burned. A few proud, noble souls, who still would scorn a tyrant's power, stood forth amid the gloom, and battled with the errors of the age. They fought not alone for science and literature, but for morality and their God. It was not that proud ambition sought to court the favor of the world. It was not that these stood forth to buffet with the opposing crowd of slaves to error, to bear the scorn and infamy heaped on them that might raise their names to honor. It was not to court the favor of the royal, to wear the diadem of princes, or to wreath their brows with honors. It was that a lofty mind and noble soul pitied the fallen nature of its fellows. On such we may

look, whose moral courage and strong minds have won for them the name of genius. In all ages of the world those have existed, who have stood out prominently, excelling in virtue or endowed with the strength of a giant intellect. It is to such that the civilized and enlightened world must, in some measure, look for future advancement. Many have lived whose influence, had it been properly exerted, might have raised the standard of their country's glory, and sent their own names with honor to posterity. But alas! how many have lived whose lives were cursed, whose death was unlamented. History's page, blotted with infamy and disgrace, should ever blush to bear the record of their names and deeds. Ask such of conscience, and they point you to the wrecks ambition's power has caused; they point you to the thousand innocent victims slain in the sacred name of justice; sad offerings to their accursed ambition. Poor mortals! life to these must end, and the voice of reason, justice, conscience, though for a while hushed, will speak in tones which then shall send dread terror to the guilty, blackened soul. For them, the sun of life rises but to show their guilt; it sets in death but to darken the night of gloom and wo, which must enshroud their very souls. When the citadel of life closes its ports forever; and the cold, speechless clay alone remains to tell where once dwelt animation, then the death-knell of the spirit is rung. They leave behind no virtue to perpetuate a worthy memory; they leave the world richer in sin and misery, gifted with their own infamy.

Many have lived who have gained the admiration of thousands; whose names have been transmitted to the skies with praise, while they lived; and, when nature sunk, chilled in the stream of death, were then raised to high heaven, to mingle there with gods and demi-gods. The warrior, with the thousand trophies of his victory, rolled in his triumphal car, but waded through seas of blood to gain his fame. He throws aside his warlike front, sheathes his sword, and, while his hands are reeking in the blood of innocence, he sinks into the grave, and claims his immortality as won! The plume of glory sinks in death's cold tide. Ambition ruled triumphant and all must yield before the mighty stepplings of this conqueror of men and morals. There is a meteor popularity, which flashes for a moment like the distant lightning on a summer's evening, but it is only to give way to a deeper gloom, and a murkier night. How often to such, who would claim worth, do we erect an "altar of marble," cold as the grave in which their ashes slumber, and kneel before it in homage; not that which intellect pays to intellect, and virtue to merit; but that which passion and ardent feeling too often kindle. It is not that superiority of mind, that giant strength of intellect, that those virtues which all admire, force us so to do, as by an

unseen impulse. It is not that coming ages will remember with praise their names, for a few rolling years, and the cold, dull marble sinks, and treacherously commits its charge to oblivion. Those who would be truly great, must live not alone for the present. The future must be the arena where their action can stand out in bold relief; where vice and error may be met. It is not the flash of the clear eye; it is not the sweet tone of a rich voice; it is not the attracting person which enters into the combination of true greatness. It is the noble mind; the lofty acquirement; the grand supremacy of moral principle and its achievement, as it manifests itself in the combined action of intellect and morality. Here is a power which conquers by its superiority, which wins by its gentleness, which holds by the attraction of moral beauty. There must be a voluntary self-denial; a sincere desire that each action should tend to the advancement of the cause of humanity. Take away this principle, and the most distinguished, like the meteor's flash, sheds a swift light, but leaves no trace to mark his course; man would be a statue in God's image formed, a mass of gilded loam or painted clay. A mind fully imbued with the spirit of philanthropy reads the book of nature, once opened, and its divine teachings are made subservient to the purposes of existence. Here he may study that power which gave the laws which rule the starry hosts, and fixed their bounds in endless space; he may unfold those laws and measure out that space, as if scanning with suspicious eye, the work of Deity himself.

Man has arisen from the deep sleep of the dark ages; thrown off the lethargy which made the heart its vestibule, and verges on quite to the day of millennial brightness. The present advanced state of refinement, literature, and religion is, but the mighty revolution produced by individual zeal and activity. The true philanthropist requires no fortune to beget his praise. He rears his own monument, and engraves his name on the broad escutcheon of eternity. He possesses a power which strives not for laurels at the expense of human blood; which makes not the downfall of others a stepping stone to immortality. Let Alexander see the world beneath his feet, and with a mind unsatisfied, still weep for other conquests. Unroll the scroll of past ages! gaze upon its obliterated page! Here and there you see a name fresh, untarnished by the lapse of years, while others, once fresh, have vanished. The waters of Lethe have swept over them to obliterate, or in mercy spared them to be a terror, and guide to future ages. Others are seen written as with a spirit's power. The monument may rear its top, and tell to wondering crowds that there rests one who once was great, but whom the world now knows not, but as the marble tells his fame and fortune. He lived and died, and died but to

commit his name to the treacherous hand of time, which renders soon the stone a blank. But fresh as ever blooming flowers shall come the memory of those, whose actions have tended to improve man's intellectual and moral condition. Hope, by its natural tendency to flee the present and throw us into the far distant regions of futurity, seems to fathom the deep unknown. We are carried beyond the cold and narrow house, and assured that the dark tomb closes not upon annihilation. The names of these shall live as long as heaven shall shoot her fires from beneath the dark, black cloud; as long as God shall speak in the thunder's voice. From the pure sunlight, woven in rainbows, amid the pearly water drops, have they wreathed their misty garlands. To such,

The many stars are given,
 "As shrines to burn their incense on
 The altar fires of heaven."

As the lightning precedes the hoarse thunder and is seen no more, then follows the echoing of the distant roar; so these live and act, throw off the mortal coil, and future years will echo the sound of their praise. Those conscious of the influence their course may exert while they live, and knowing the effect it may produce hereafter, with a mind "*conscia recti*," live to the end for which all were created; the advancement of the world. These tune their harps on earth, and then ascend to loftier regions, brighter skies; to strike in harmony with kindred spirits; to view what mortal eye could never see; but now unshackled, catch a glimpse of all beyond eternity. They rise to love in that great sea of endless truth, grasping the whole eternity of mind, knowing the deep designs of Heaven.

How near they press upon the angel's wing;
 Which is the seraph, which the child of clay.

THOU must not resist thy fate,
 Neither must thou shun it blindly:
 If thou'lt go and meet it straight,
 'Twill invite thee on most kindly.

Goethe.

CONDITION.

DAY after day by you I'm pressed
 To give you counsel. I can give it:
 But, that I may not lose my rest,
 Promise to hear, but not to live it.

Goethe.

HEBREW LITERATURE.

PAPER I.

To the Editors of the Classic :

Connected as the "Classic" is with the University, I hope you will feel sufficient interest in the Hebrew department, formed, not long before his death, under the especial countenance of its late president, as to devote a page or so, monthly, of your paper to Hebrew literature. In this undertaking, I am happy to inform you that I am promised aid from the members of the present Hebrew class, whose contributions, despite the *subject matter*, will be rendered, I trust, valuable and interesting, not merely to a particular class of your readers, but to your readers generally. As a specimen of the manner in which talent can adorn what would seem, from its nature, to be a dull and dry subject, I send you the following piece of poetry, first taken from a late number of "Blackwood's Magazine;" but which I found in the "New-York American." From the same source as that whence this piece of poetry is drawn, "Rabbinical Traditions" is to be extracted, says a writer in Blackwood, introducing an article with the above title, stories which, in thrilling interest, and splendor of imagination,—(I borrow not the writer's language,—this has been forgotten,—but the sense)—will vie with the "Thousand and one Tales," the production of eastern imagination. Perhaps I may occasionally vary our series with a *selected* rabbinical tale.

P. S.—I perceive that there has recently been established, in connection with Dickinson College, an Archæological department. Perhaps if you take the pains to send your paper to that college, you may obtain assistance from thence. I suppose, I may venture to say, Messrs. Editors, in your name, that communications from that quarter, calculated to promote a love *for*, and an acquaintance *in the*, Hebrew literature, will be cordially received.

For your next number, I hope to be able to furnish you with, from the pen of one of the members of the class, a historical account of the rabbinical school at Tiberias.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE EMPEROR AND THE RABBI.

"THERE are some curious and some interesting relics of tradition still to be found among the Jewish people. Their dispersion, and the infinite miseries inflicted on them, in every country where they fled from their own, inevitably extinguished their general cultivation of literature; but they still possessed scholars, philosophers, and teachers of the law, who might have been distinguished in better times, and among a more prosperous people. The Talmud is well known to Euro-

pean scholarship as containing, amid much extraordinary and fantastic matter, some valuable records of the national history and feelings. Its sententious and moral narratives, its *Agadetha*, are sometimes striking and noble; and the allegories, mysticisms, visions, and parables of the *Medrasbiim*, are sometimes not less sagacious than sublime.

The subject of the following verses is from a tradition of the wisdom of Rabbi Joshua. The Jews to this day speak with malediction of Titus, the destroyer of the temple, and of Hadrian, the destroyer of the nation. But Trajan is sometimes spoken of with more respect, probably from the contrast of his character, stern as it was, with that of his fierce and sanguinary successor, Hadrian; and from the comparative security of the Jews under an emperor who was too much engrossed with his incessant wars to have any leisure for discretion.

'Old Rabbi, what tales wouldst thou pour in mine ear;
What visions of glory, what phantoms of fear?'

'Of a God, all the gods of the Roman above,
A mightier than Mars, a more ancient than Jove!'

'Let me look on those splendors, I then shall believe;
'Tis the senses alone that never deceive.

Nay, show me your idol, if earth is his shrine,
And your Israelite God shall, old dreamer, be mine.'

'Twas Trajan that spoke, and the stoical sneer
Still played on his features sublime and severe.
And round the proud hall as his dark eye was thrown,
He saw but one God, and himself was that one.

'The God of our forefathers!' low bowed the seer;
'Is unseen by the eye, is unheard by the ear.
He is SPIRIT, he knows not the body's dark chain;
Not the heaven of the heavens can his glory retain.

'He is seen in his power when the storm is abroad:
The clouds by the wheels of his chariot are rode.
He is seen in his mercy, when mountain and plain
Rejoice in the sunshine and smile in the rain.

'He is seen when the lightnings are shot through the heaven,
And the crests of the mountains in embers are riven.
He is heard when the tempest has sent up its roar,
And the ocean in thunder is flung on the shore.'

'Those are dreams,' said the monarch, 'wild fancies of old;
But what God can I worship, when none I behold?
Can I kneel to the lightning, the wave, or the wind?
Can I worship the shape that but lives in the mind?'

'I'll show thee his footstool, I'll show thee his throne.'
Through the halls of the palace the Rabbi led on,
Till above them was spread but the sky's purple dome,
And like surges of splendor beneath them was Rome.

Round the marble-crown'd mount where the emperor stood,
Like a silver-scaled snake, swept the Tiber's bright flood;
Beyond lay the vales of the rich Persian rose,
All glowing with beauty, all breathing repose.

And flaming o'er all, in the glow of the hour,
The capitol shone, earth's high altar of power—

A thousand years old, yet still in its prime ;
A thousand years more to be conqueror of time !

But the east now was purple, the eve was begun ;
Like a monarch at rest, on the wave lay the sun :
Above him the clouds their rich canopy rolled,
With pillars of diamond, and curtains of gold.

The Rabbi's proud gesture was turned to the orb :
'Great king, let that splendor thy worship absorb.'

'What! gaze on the sun, and be blind by the gaze ?
No eye but the eagle's can look on that blaze !'

'Ho, emperor of earth, if thine eyeball is dim,
To see but the rays of the sun's sinking limb,'
Cried the Rabbi, 'what eyeball could dare but to see
The Sovereign of him, and the Sovereign of thee ?'

ENERGY NECESSARY TO SUCCESS IN LIFE.

MESSRS. EDITORS :—If the following extract from a private letter is deemed suitable for a place in your columns, it is at your service. The letter was written, a number of years ago, to a young man who was then about to graduate at one of the New England colleges, in reply to one from him in which, in an hour of depression, he had spoken despondingly concerning his future prospects. It graphically exhibits the true spirit every young man should possess, as he emerges from his college life, to mingle in the busy scenes of the world, and especially if he goes, as many do, loaded with debt which he has been obliged to contract in obtaining his education.

It may not be improper to add, that the writer of the letter has admirably shown, by his own course, the truth of his remarks.

SANSEAR.

"And you, probably, have nothing to fear. Some way will open before you, or, like Cæsar, you must make one. You recollect his expression on a trying occasion.—'*Inveniam viam aut faciam!*' And let me add, there is something in the spirit there exhibited, without the possession of which, a young man's prospects are not very good. We can promise to ourselves but little aid from the world, till we prove to the world that we can get along ourselves. In nothing is the world more capricious than in the bestowment of its favors, generally lavishing them where they are needed the least. Few young men launch upon the ocean of life with a calm sea and a bright sun. So far from that, they generally, for a time at least, have to contend with opposing storms, and, *single handed*, to urge their fragile barks through the dangers that surround them and threaten their ruin. If one, under such circumstances, sustains himself manfully, all are ready to lend him their aid. The magic of success lies in

firmness of purpose and vigor of action. With a good understanding, fixed Christian principle, promptness of decision, and independence and vigor of action, the young man can no more fail of success in the world, than any law of the natural or moral world, however uniform and certain, can fail. Though the Andes were pressing upon him, he would ultimately throw them off, and would eventually command the respect, attention, and confidence he would deserve.

Make what you can out of these unpremeditated and hasty, but I presume, correct remarks. Again let me say, I think you have nothing to fear."

A SMILE.

A HUMAN smile ! how beautiful !
 Sometimes its blissful presence seems
 Sweet as the gentle airs which lull
 To sleep the holy flowers of Gul,
 Which blossom in the Persian's dreams :
 A lovely flower whene'er it beams
 On beauty's brow, in beauty's eye,
 And not one token lingers nigh,
 On lip, or eye, or cheek unbidden,
 To tell of anguish vainly hidden !
 But O, there is a smile which steals
 Sometimes upon the brow of care,
 And, like the north's cold light, reveals
 But gathering darkness there.
 You've seen the lightning-flash at night
 Play briefly o'er its cloudy pile,
 The moonshine tremble on the height,
 Where winter glistens cold and bright ;
 And like the flash, and like that light,
 In sorrow's vain and heartless smile !

J. G. Whittier.

From Flora's Interpreter.

A POET'S LOVE.

WHAT is a poet's love ? To write a girl a sonnet ;
 To get a ring, or some such thing, and fustianize upon it.

EDITORIAL.

TO OUR PATRONS.

THE present number of the Classic which makes its appearance promptly, we hope will prove satisfactory to our friends; and being the fourth since we began, will afford, to those who have been indifferent or ill-disposed towards us, convincing evidence that there is really energy and literature sufficient among the students of the Wesleyan University, to sustain a "College Monthly." We are satisfied also that the Classic will live to refute the sneering remarks of those who seemed to think that the bare idea of its existence at all was one of unparalleled presumption. Hereafter our readers may expect a small portion of our space, in each number, devoted to topics connected with Hebrew literature. We present in this number an extract from Blackwood, with some original remarks by Professor Willet, whose acquaintance with oriental literature will make his contributions, of which we have the promise, of much value. Our first article, both from the subject and the ability with which it is treated, will commend itself to the approbation of every one who has a "heart with feeling warm." With the determination to do our best for the pleasure and profit of our readers at each succeeding visit, we now take our leave for the month.

LITERARY NOTICES.

FIRST LATIN LESSONS, &c: by Charles Anthon, LL. D.

THERE has been of late a slight skirmish between certain individuals of the "genus irritabile," on the subject of Anthon's classical works. Some magnanimous knight of the quill has undertaken, in the pages of the North American Review, to do battle for the honor of Boston erudi-

tion against the leader of New York classical literature, Dr. Anthon. It is generally supposed that jealousy had a hand in the attack, and rivalry in the defence. We have for sometime had our thoughts in regard to the works in question, some of them at least, and had hoped the writer in the North American would have touched upon the points we had had in contemplation. But, as he has not done so, we shall take the liberty of stating freely, but at the same time with all due deference, a few objections to "Anthon's First Lessons," both Latin and Greek, since we have had occasion to be better acquainted with those than his other works. The first exception we take is to the amount of matter, and their consequent size. These, as our experience points out, are nearly double what they should be, making it in most cases necessary to omit large portions, both of the reading exercises and critical remarks upon the grammar. Every teacher is aware of the pernicious effect of this practice upon children, and also of the importance of having elementary works so constructed as to render such a course uncalled for. These books are much too large to put into the hands of beginners, who, proceeding very slowly, as they must, of course, at first, are discouraged at the extent of the task before them. In these respects, at least, "Goodrich's Lessons" are to be preferred.

The opinion is fast gaining ground, that Professor Anthon, in his recent works, has listened less to the voice of fame, and more to the "clink of Mammon's box," than was formerly the case,—that he is using the reputation he *has* acquired, in order to secure a fortune which he *hopes* to acquire. Now this may, or may not be true; we, of course, are unable to decide. If such were really the case, no man has a more undoubted right to use his reputation in any way he chooses than Professor Anthon. In confirmation, however, of the opinion alluded to, it is said that his publications follow one another in too quick succession for him to be able to do the work himself, and hence the inference that the name and influence of Anthon are giving vogue to the labors of quite common men. With all this, supposing it true, however, the public have nothing to do, providing the work is well done. This, it is asserted, is not the case; and we confess that, with all the partiality we have long entertained for Anthon's books, it seems too true. The Greek and Latin Lessons, designed for beginners, of course, are very defective. The lexicon of the former wants a large number of words which occur frequently in the reading exercises, and in the latter, besides a similar want of correspondence between the dictionary and reading, no one, unless he has learned it elsewhere, can find out the gender of nouns of the first declension, which end in *a*. It may be answered that these faults can be remedied in subsequent editions. True, they may be, but in the meantime is not the charge of improper haste made good against the author? These are no blunders of the printer. The writer is responsible for them, and his repu-

tation for accuracy, which has been one of his greatest boasts, is much impaired. Our object is not to enter into a labored criticism. We only wished to express an opinion which we believe many others hold in common with ourselves. We would simply say, in conclusion, that, had these lessons been but half as large and twice as correct, there are no others which would, in our estimation, compare with them.

THE MAN AT ARMS, &c: by G. P. R. James.

HERE is another work from the prolific pen of the author of *De L'Orme*. He throws off his works

“With such a fearful rapidity, it shocks
All the sober bounds of a man's belief.”

We should almost doubt whether he were the writer of all the works which come out under the “*nomme de guerre*,” of the author of *Richlieu*, but that he had stamped his seal and branded its impression so deep, that no one could pretend ignorance in filching from G. P. R. James. His style is so peculiar and attractive, that no one who had read twenty pages of any of his works, would make a mistake in assigning an author to one of his productions, although the seal were broken.

The chief excellence of the novels of this author consists in the beauty and fidelity of his descriptions, both of scenery and character. No one can read this work and not be struck with it. How beautifully are the castle of the lord of Blachford, and the scenes around it, limned out before us! we become companions of the noble Henri de Cerons, and the beautiful and gentle Louise; we share with them their instructions, and are partners in their sports. And how distinctly are the scenes of battle spread out before us; and we know that these scenes are historically correct. Sully has told us of these wars which desolated France, caused by the bigotry of her rulers, and the stern historian, if he had beheld them, would have again exclaimed, “*ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem adpellant.*”

James and Bulwer, are now considered as being at the head of their craft, and of the two, we give the superiority to James. He “feels” for man, and his characters are such, that we feel it no disgrace to sympathise and weep with them; but with those of Bulwer, we claim no kindred; like a skillful surgeon he has dissected them before us, but his subjects are in the last stages of putrefaction. He has no faith in man, and he has hardly drawn a character, from Pelham down to Godolphin worthy of our admiration and love. In half a century Bulwer will be forgotten, while James will stand in the same rank with the author of *Ivanhoe*; and it will be said of him as of Scott, that he has written “no line which, dying, he could wish to blot.”

HIGH WAYS AND BY WAYS, or Tales of the Road Side, picked up in the French Provinces, by a walking Gentleman.

A NEW edition of this work, revised and corrected by the author with explanatory notes, &c., has been recently published in Boston. It is some time since these popular sketches were first given to the English public, a circumstance which coupled with that of their recent republication in this country, speaks well of their permanency. If on no other account, the volumes are worth having for the sake of the author's original introduction, wherein he recounts some of his early experiences in the "poor devil author" line, how his manuscript was rejected by one publisher after another, until he lost heart and laid it away in an old trunk, &c.,—how in Paris he met our Irving, who gave him encouragement and advice,—and how, finally, when he succeeded in getting his literary wares before the public, successive editions found a ready sale, much to the replenishing of his funds and hopes. In it there are some quite amusing and rather egotistical anecdotes, going to show the popularity of the "High Ways and By Ways." There is a fine and healthy vein of sentiment in these stories, attended with well described adventures, humorous descriptions, and as clear and candid a view of the national characteristics of the French as is easily to be found. We select a passage from "The Vouee au Blanc," as a specimen of the author's descriptive talent in a humorous way. Monsieur Hippolite is a French dancing master, who in the exercise of his art in England, had picked up a very little bad English, and on his return to his own country had set up as teacher of the English language. "To carry his project into effect he had given up his wanderings, and fixed himself in a little chamber on the fourth story of one of the oldest houses in one of the narrowest streets of Rouen. To attract the passers by and give publicity to his design, a little black board, hung suspended by a string from his casement and dangling down as far as the top panes of the shop window below, showed in printed characters on one side the following words :"

"Run of the English tongue by Mister Hippolite, he gives the partickler Lessons. To address oneself to the professor who rests in the Fourth."

The description of the gentleman above mentioned, who, by the way, had taken a desperate fancy to "The Vouee au Blanc," a damsel of surpassing loveliness, talent, and excellence, but vowed to the church, runs as follows :

"He was in the first place precisely five feet and an inch in height, and, being then somewhat turned of forty, it was commonly believed that he had acquired his complete growth. There was no proportion between the length and thickness, either of the whole person or of its component parts, and geographically described, it would not offer a

favorable specimen of man's fair proportion. The head leaning forward like a promontory, was large and long, the body showed like a great continent long and thick, the isthmus neck was at once short and slender, the arms reached nearly to the knees, and the thighs and legs were appallingly stout and muscular. An elevation and protuberance of his right shoulder gave to what nature meant for its fellow, the air of a very distant correspondence, and caused him when in action to proceed with that movement best defined by the military phrase *en echelon*. The only good parts were the well turned ancles and the diminutive and prettily formed feet, and they were surmounted by a pair of calves, whose Herculean dimensions seemed to threaten on the least exertion to burst their cerements, that is to say, the seams of the old darned silk stockings, whose natural white was blended with the yellow leaf of time, and the powder blue of the washerwoman. The face was of a peculiar nature. It was not actually ugly, but particularly droll. The forehead slanted back directly from the eye-brows, the nose advanced beyond the utmost verge of the aquiline. The eyes, of light blue, followed the nose with dreadful strainings, and stood far out of their sockets; white eye-brows, and lids unlashd, offered no relief to this unnatural projection; and the small mouth and chin sloping inwards, precisely in the same ratio with the forehead, gave a grey-hound sort of look to the whole physiognomy. The hair, naturally flaxen, was short and curled, and filled with powder and pomatum; the cheeks were ruddy, and covered in part with an amber colored down, that formed a perfect caricature of whiskers on each.

"A reverential regard for the antiquity of family relics, and a natural love of finery made M. Hippolite not only preserve those which remained to him, but carry them on his person on all occasions. He wore rings, and brooches, and buckles, in enormous profusion, and he had through all the changes of his latter life contrived to keep one dress suit formed out of the remains of his ancient wardrobe. On the present occasion, he had all his treasures on his back and other appropriate parts. His one last pair of silk stockings have been already mentioned. The garments next in order, formed of what once looked nankin, now wore the semblance of very ill-washed white calico, and his waistcoat was silk that had been originally a bright violet, but was now washed into the hue of the outer edge of an expiring rainbow; and, saying nothing of the cravat or frill, and less than nothing of the mysterious garment to which they formed appendages, I may notice the ancient rose-colored coat, which had been long since dyed, first a brilliant purple, and afterwards the most sombre shade of black. Monsieur Hippolite's former profession of dancing master had a much more bracing effect on the muscular expansion of his preposterous calves, than on the nervous system of his thread-bare coat. It was reduced to the very shadow of a shade; and the many hues imprinted upon it during its various changes, gave to it a chameleon-colored mixture that had a most extraordinary effect, as its flimsy texture was sported with by the various accidents of light and shade."

YANKEE LAND AND THE YANKEE: *by Daniel March.*

THIS is the title of a small volume of thirty or forty pages. It contains two poems, one entitled as above, and delivered before the "Connecticut Historical Society," the other, which has already appeared in

the pages of the Knickerbocker and other periodicals, is called, "The Iron Horse." The former has some fine hits at Yankee character, and though occasionally little better than rhymed prose, it has, on the whole, quite a poetical turn. As a specimen of Yankee versatility and enterprise, we have the following :—

"He contracts for a railroad with Ali Pacha,
And says it would give him the greatest of pleasure
To look up, some *morning*, the source of the Nile,
Or tunnel the pyramids, when he has leisure;
But's engaged as a doctor at Canton awhile.
After practising there with applause and success,
(Of which he's no doubt,) should his patient seem failing,
He will doff his broad hat, and his loose nankin dress,
And start off to sea for a short bout at whaling.
When well versed in the use of the deadly harpoon,
And can try up a whale on the deck of a ship,
In the terrible sun of a tropical noon,
He will take a "French leave," give the whalemens the slip,
And be found quite at ease in some far northern zone,
Inquiring the wages, they there give for trapping,
Relying full well on the skill he had shown,
When a youngster, at catching the weasel a-napping.
In three or four years he comes strolling home,
With his purse full of cash, and his head full of knowledge,
Of more curious kinds, than could ever have come
From the dignified walls of an old classic college."

The best specimen of Yankee impudence and familiarity is the following. We should not be surprised if our author exaggerated a little when he says—

"He would kiss a queen till he raised a blister,
With his arm round her neck, and his old felt hat on;
Would address a king by the title of "mister,"
And ask him the price of the throne he sat on."

In the "Iron Horse," we think Mr. March has been, by far, the most successful. This piece, delivered as a college exercise at a Junior Exhibition at Yale College, has, compared with the former, the advantage of a *con amore* production over one written to order. It is a true poem, as any one who reads it must admit. Instead of exhibiting the Yankee trait of calculating the number of revolutions a minute, guessing at the improvements which might be made in the machinery, or how much money they might take each trip, our author, with the genius of a poet, raises such a cloud of resemblances and analogies around the steam-engine, that the reader is carried away with the idea that he is contemplating some fearfully potent animal, "whose neck," like the war-horse in Scripture, "is clothed with thunder." After touching upon the attributes, and describing quite minutely what the "Iron Horse" *can do*, our poet's eye begins to roll in a "fine frenzy" as he gives utterance to what he supposes *he will do*, in language as follows :

"But not alone on the stormy sea,
 Not alone through the vales of the northern clime,
 Where he travels now so gloriously,
 Shall his destined path in the future be ;
 He shall cross the Alp and the Appenine,
 His voice shall be heard by the winding Rhine ;
 By the fallen fanes of the olden time ;
 He shall send the roar of his rolling car,
 Through the wide domains of the northern Czar ;
 Through Samarita's wilds, and the Switzer's snows,
 And along the vales where the Danube flows ;
 Where the Moslem hears the Muezzin's cry,
 'To prayer! to prayer!' he shall hurtle by ;
 Where the deep blue heaven of Asia smiles,
 O'er her storied plains and countless isles,
 And the flowers that breathe in the balmy air,
 Are bright as the pearls that are shining there ;
 Where the Afric sun pours his scorching beams
 On the thirsty sands and the wasted streams ;
 Where the Pharaohs, in all their kingly pride,
 Were rolled by night in the Red Sea's tide,
 'Neath the palm-trees' boughs, the banyan's shade,
 His iron pathway shall yet be laid.

On our mountain ridges his chariots gleam,
 He follows the track of the winding stream ;
 He will carry us forth from our early homes,
 To the fairy scenes of the glowing west,
 Where the Father of Waters in grandeur roams,

Through broad savannahs in verdure drest.
 Away! away! with his ceaseless roar,
 The valley and stream he will hasten o'er ;
 Away! away! where the prairie lies,
 Like an emerald sea, 'neath the fair blue skies,
 With nought in view save the waving grass,
 The flowers that bend as his chariots pass,
 And in black and fearful host afar,

The countless herd of the buffalo,
 That start at the gleam of his shining car,
 And away, loud bellowing and thundering go,
 With a speed that no foot of the deer can surpass.

The prairie-horses shall toss the mane,
 Tear the ground with their hoofs, and neigh aloud,
 When this stranger-steed o'er their free domain,
 Comes rushing on, like a flying cloud ;
 But he heeds them not, as he onward speeds,
 With a tread as loud as a thousand steeds.

A sound shall be heard through the mountain caves,
 A sound through the gloom of the pathless glen,
 Like the hollow murmur of breaking waves,

Or the measured tramping of mail-clad men ;
 'Tis the IRON HORSE! he hath passed the bound
 Of the wild sierras that fenced him round ;
 He hath no more on the land to gain,
 His path is free to the western main !"

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Not long since we were favored with the following communication. We are not certain that the writer intended it for publication, as he gives us no directions in regard to it. However, he does not prohibit it, and as, "thereby hangs a tale," humbly hoping no offence will be given, we shall take the liberty of publishing this, if no other article, from our friend, the "Author."

"SIR—I have not as yet seen in the Classic the appearance of either of the two articles, —— and —— . Whether they are worthy, I of course leave for you to decide. Justice is all that is required, all that can be given.

"Yours respectfully,

"Author."

Tendering our respects to the "Author, whom we, of course, personally hold in high estimation, not knowing him from any other descendant of Adam, yet whom, as a mere "*nominis umbra*," we care not two straws about; we beg to say we *have decided*, and as he very obligingly leaves this entirely to us, here the matter ends. The note seems to indicate that the writer felt unpleasantly at the time he penned it. For this we are sorry, and hope by this time he has thought better of the matter. We will give no offence if we can help it; but if in the discharge of our duty some are disappointed, all we can say is, gentlemen "keep cool." We must be guided by our own judgment, not having any other but our own to be directed by. Take for your consolation that great writers have had their manuscripts rejected at first.

Several articles have come to hand, some of which are filed for insertion, and others we decline altogether. Scarcely one of the latter class, however, is destitute of merit; some have beautiful passages, but are marred in some parts by such unseemly faults of style as make their appearance in the Classic wholly out of the question. Gentlemen, we want your contributions, but do not suppose that a mere off-hand effusion, upon which very little care is bestowed, will answer the purpose. You may in this way write a great many fine sentences, but you cannot thus do yourselves credit on the whole. Elaborate your compositions. Let us have your best at any rate. Depend upon it gentlemen, "there is no great excellence without labor."

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